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Love riddle



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Chapter 1 by Nika

She snatched her clutch and ran out through the window of the barber's shop. I followed her freshly shaved bald head along the Main Street. Good morning Hong Kong. Our mission started today, we will have to pretend we're different people for the next 2 weeks we forget about the real world. Forget about our families and friends in New York. We need to do this job and come back safely... Suddenly I saw a stranger come up to her at the corner - the show began..

Chapter 2 by Luke Meyers



I hung back as planned, and feigned interest in a newsstand full of rather shocking pornography, while I observed the interaction. Lula's body language was closed, tense; she wasn't comfortable with this. She kept scratching at the back of her head, feeling the stubble.

The stranger was tall, towering over her awkwardly. His motions were calm, almost gentle -- perhaps an acquired habit to compensate for his ungainliness. They spoke calmly for a couple of minutes, then he held out an envelope for her to take. As she grabbed it, he gripped it firmly and looked at her intensely. I couldn't tell what he was saying; some kind of warning. He let go the envelope and strode away.

I dashed to her side. "Did it go okay? You got it, right?"

She looked at me. Seemed sadder than before. "I got it. Richard, I..." she wavered.

"What's wrong? Did he tell you something?"

"I don't want you to worry, Richard. I just think... this thing is a lot deeper than we realized." She suppressed a shudder, almost.

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Chapter 3 by Intellikat

I sipped at my milk tea across the table from Lula. The envelope sat on the table between us.

I spoke first.

"What time did he tell you?"

"Half past eleven."

"Which club?"

"Some place called the Third Eye. I'm supposed to wear a green dress. That's how Mr. Hong will recognize me."

"Are you okay with this?"

Lula burst. "What do you think, Richard?!" but then she calmed herself. "No. I'm not okay with this. But we don't have any choice really, do we?"

I shook my head no. Only one week before Lula and I were strangers on a TV game show. Now we were fighting to protect everything in our lives we held dear. How could something like the spin of a giant, colored wheel have led to something so horrible as this??

Chapter 4 by Christoph



She turned up at the club called the "Third Eye" in a long brown trench coat, with her bag tucked underneath her arm pit, underneath she had on a silk apple green dress and inside her bag was the envelope still un-opened. On her head was a short brunet wig with a short fringe on the front and sides tucked behind her ears.

She gave the stubble behind her bald head a quick scratch and quickly adjusts her wig as she made an entrance into the the Third eye, the club looked busy with lights flashing everywhere. Head down she navigates her self over to the bar area before taking a glance around.

over in the far distance was a back sign hanging off the ceiling which read "V.I.P" as she casts her

eyes downwards there sat a man in a yellow tuxedo surrounded by women of all shapes and sizes, there was a briefcase on the floor next to him and as Lula turned her head she caught a glimpse of an envelope, the same color, shape and size to the one she had clutched under her arm pit.

"what can I get you ?" asked the bar tender

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"whats the time on your watch please ?" said Lula

"11:30, now can i get you a drink ? " said the bar tender

Lula unfastened the bow at the front of her trench coat and removed the coat to reveal her green dress.

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